

A Letter from Lucifer,

TO HIS

Roman Agents *N. T. W. P. J. F. & R. L.*

Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey's Back-friends.

NO less than a Legion of Devils have been mixt in Counsel with an Army of Papiſts, to make *Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey Felo de Se.* Oh, how diligent has *N. T.* that over-loyal Protestant been in the service! He (no doubt) was made Messenger to the Devil's back-stairs, and sent by his Master *Pluto* the Prince of the Air, to procure two Fellows that would swear whatever that Hellish Council would dictate to them, or else to bid Farewel to the hopes of Gold, and the sale of his Popish Pamphlets; and now he's in pain till Mother *Celier*, by the help of her Imps, brings him to Bed of two or three such Demi-Devils as will swear that he stab'd himself at home, choakt himself at *Somerſet-houſe*, and then ran two or three miles to gather *Primeroses* for his last Noſegay. Such they say that never-failing Friend to the Popish Interest has got him; but whether a Rope or a Pillory must be their Reward, time must tell us.

One would have thought *Redding's* miscarriage in a different Enterprize, and the fate that attended it, might have put a period to the rest of their Shams: If an eminent Counsellor was baw'd in his premeditated Contrivance, what will become of the Pimping Solicitor? No doubt he has *Langborn* in his Heart, and Gold in his Eye; the remembrance of the one, and his zeal for the other, will make him swear home.

But heark you, my hot-mouth'd Friends, have you not read *Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey's* Apparition to *Nat. Thompson*? methinks if you have, it would a little retard your motion: Why this haste to the Devil? Go on fair and softly; my life for yours you'll come time enough to Hell. What Jesuitical Doctrine makes you gallop so fast to your own destruction? are you weary of Earth? and do you long to see the Fashions of the Devil's low Countries? then ride upon that Horse you have lately mounted, and I'll warrant you he'll carry you safe to your Journey's end: Possibly you may meet with some rubs of Conscience by the way, that may make him stumble a little; but if you have taken a resolution never to mind them, whip on, and doubt not but you'll come to your Journey's end in good time.

If you can but go through-stitch with this Work which you have taken in hand, the Popish Plot will be hid in Embers, and the Papiſts may hope to sing *Te Deums* in a little time in every Church in Town. This is your Master-piece: if you can dexterously compleat this designe, what can you not do? what Talk can be too hard for you? You may even remove Mountains, if they lie in your way. If you swear effectually to this Murder, so as the stain of this Justice's Blood is wash'd off from the Papiſts, oh, how should I curse my Stars, that I found you no sooner! two of you would have done more for the Popish Interest, than two thousand *St. Omers* Lads. Pox on your slow heels, why were ye not at *Langborn's* Tryal? why is your Contrivance so late? It had been some hundreds of pounds in your way, if you had

had come to deliver old *Will. Stafford* from the hands of merciless *Ketch*: Come ye now, when all the Roman Martyrs are lockt up in their Coffins, and as fast asleep as a Rope and an Ax could make them? Come ye now, when the Plot is laid waite to your hands: Had you come in time, the Meal-tub-Plot would never have miscarried; and with much more difficulty the Earl of *Shaftsbury* and the Lord *Howard of Effrick*, and Mr. *Whittaker*, had escaped the Snare laid for them: but better late than never; though you come late, you are not come too late, if you can but bring home to the matter in hand. Now the Scales are almost even, whether a Plot or no Plot, is the Question in dispute; if you can turn the Scale, then I faith we'll pick the Whigs, that have made this Popish Sham-plot to hide their own: We be to them that have shed the Roman Martyrs blood: Then we'll call Father *Plunket's* Impudence, his Impudence; and every thing shall look with other colours, and with another countenance, than now they do. A Whig shall not dare to say his Soul's his own; and though it's against their Reason and Conscience, we'll make them turn Abhorers and Adorers. They'll as good take a Bear by the Tooth, or a Lion by the Throat, as come with their *He* in point of Succession, let him be Pope or Devil that comes to reign over them.

Let me advise you how to harden your selves, so that you may swear without any manner of remorse or fear:

First, Keep your Correspondence with the Priests and Jesuits more frequently now than ever, and they'll tell you, you do God good service by the worst of your Oaths, that tend to the Ruine of the Protestant Religion. And then,

Secondly, Learn to frame new Lyes every day, and swear they are as true as the Gospel; this custom of Sinning will take away the conscience of Sinning.

Thirdly, Meditate on your promised Reward, when you have brought your Work to perfection; viz. the Gold you shall have here, and the Honour you shall have hereafter, when the Pope regains his Arrears in this Kingdom.

Fourthly, Put God Omnipotent always out of your mind, and let me that am Magaipotent be in your thoughts; 'tis I that must back you in this Undertaking: for what has God to do with this business? the Work is mine, and I'll help you to finish it.

Lastly, Never give ear to the Whisperings of Conscience; I know your Consciences will be speaking to you thus: Oh, be careful what you swear, be tender of his Repute that di'd for you, whose Death gave you the Watchword to look to your selves; Conscience will tell you the Oath you are about to swear is a sin against God, against your King, and against all his Protestant Subjects; but what is that to you? what have you to do with their Religion, further than to destroy it? Mind your Conscience no more than the Moon minds the barking of a Dog; whenever it offers you any service, bid it be gone: for it's an Enemy to your present Interest. Read over your Promises, to put it out of your thoughts: *Imprimis*, 1000 l. from the Pope, for swearing that Sir *Edmond*, *Barry*, *Godfrey* hang'd himself. *Item*, 500 l. from the Earl of *Portland*. *Item*, 500 l. from the Lord *Pet.* *Item*, 500 l. from the Lord *Bell.* *Item*, 500 l. from a Land with a single Eye and a double Heart. *Item*, a general Contribution from all the Papists in England. And this *Summa Totalis* will be so pleasing to your covetous desires, that in a little time you will be as able to kick Conscience out of doors, as the Yeoman was to kick the God damn me man down stairs.

A PRESENT from an unknown Friend,

TO

Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey's BROTHERS.

Y Our Brother's murder'd o're and o're again;
 They put his precious Memory to pain:
 Now they make most work with his sweet Name,
 To our great Grief, but to their matchless shame.
 Was't not enough to choke and stab him too?
 Must they his Reputation quite undo?
 What will their Fury never have an end?
 Will they still stab and hang our martyr'd Friend?
 Have they no Modesty, no Sense, nor Zeal?
 Do they the pangs of Conscience never feel?
 Where will their Wilkyn and Malice rest?
 Why do they his most sacred Corpse molest?
 What had he done? or, oh! what had he said,
 That he so dearly for his Actions paid?

Oh, he dealt justly! 'twas too great a Crime,
 If you will weigh both Circumstance and Time.
 Could he have dubb'd or plaister'd o're the Guilt
 Of Papists, then his Blood had ne'er been spilt;
 Could he have sail'd with the Pope's Wind and Tide,
 Neither his Life, nor his Repute had dy'd.

But now for doing Justice, this curst Crew
 Their bloody Hands within his Breast embrew.

Oh, horrid Villains! are you not afraid
 To have your Actions by such Actions paid?

Lord, why so slow? why doth this lingering Rod
 Forbear, since they forget there is a God?

Why are thy Saints, thy martyr'd Saints abus'd?
 And why's so very much of Mercy us'd?

Because thou'rt slow, they think thou dost forget;
 Therefore these Villains dance in their own Net.

But, oh, make bare thy Arm, come forth, O Lord,
 And shew them that thou hast a three-edg'd Sword:

One edge for Nat, another edge for Pain,
 And one for Farwell, such as swear for gain.

Those that divide thy People without cause,
 On them (O Lord) execute thy fiercest Laws.

Thy Patience makes them study to do Evil;
 They're striving who should first go to the Devil:

Nat rides the winged Horse, he's in such haste,
 And thinks the time he stays he does but waste.

It's strange to see at what great pains and cost,
 These Villains to the Devil do ride Post:

How eager they're to get a place in Hell,
 Where perjur'd Bachelors dwell for ever well.

They think we bid them loss, if we cry, Stay,
Oh, stop your course, and make some small delay;
Consider what you do, and where you go,
What pain and misery you're like to know.

This is lost breath, they do not thank you for it;
Nay, let me tell you, that they do abhor it:
They'd rather go to Hell, than take advice
From Whigs, though never at so small a price.
A sober Whig cries out, Proceed no further
About Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey's Murther:
Be wise and wary, ere it is too late,
And do not give the King and Kingdoms hate,
For fear your Necks salute a Hempen Fate.

But pish, cry they, let's on a full Career,
And shew that neither God nor Man we fear:
Let's swear, forswear; what if we perjur'd be?
The worst we know is but the Triple Tree:
Alas, a sight of Hell they do not see.

These Hawks have golden Hoods before their Eyes,
They see not where their greatest mischief lies:
The God of this World blinds them, we do find;
With golden Wedges ev'ry Pocket's lin'd:
Conscience is fear'd, a Mill-stone's not more hard;
Their Eyes are onely fixt on their Reward:
Hopes of Preferment, and some present Pay,
Doth steal their Wit and Senses quite away.
And if their Gold and Silver heaps may swell,
They'll dread no danger, till they drop to Hell.

But are these all the Devil nam'd before?
I fancy I could guess there's yet one more.
May not Rogers come in for a Snack,
Who doth his Fancy strain, and his Brains crack,
To shield the Papists and the Popish Cause,
E'en to the utmost, with his Roman Paws?
Strange Le the Knave doth write in their defence;
Joanna with her Broom sweeps him some Pence;
That is one reason: but the Rogue doth hope
For far more comfort from his Lord the Pope.
Were it not for the Popish Pence, I'm sure
His scribbling pains he never wou'd endure;
He'd rather chuse to fiddle to the Dogs
That sometimes dance, and sometimes run at Hogs.
This is his Harvest time; when th' Commons stir,
He must pike off, they'll fright him out on's wits:
If hanging does not stop him, he will flie
To France as fast as ever he can bie;
There like a Ragabond the Knave may range,
And this will be the fate of R. L. Estrange.

F. I. N. I. S.

